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# **The Life of John Crockery**

**[S.I.]**

**[17--?]**

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**Title : The Life of John Crockery : to which is added, The  
Worcestershire tale.**

**Imprint : [S.l. : s.n., 17--?]**

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THE  
LIFE

John Crockery;

To which is added,

THE  
Worcestershire Tale,

Folder 4  
Book 3

White

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LIFJx

The Lucia Lady Tutors of this  
house is M<sup>rs</sup> Graham wife of  
M<sup>r</sup> Graham of Worcester, who  
was High Sheriff for that County  
this year 1791, she was Daughter  
of M<sup>r</sup> Freeman of Gains in the  
County of Newford Att. at Law  
and Daughter of Old Harris  
a Blundering Ignorant  
Attorney of Westminster.

JS



# L I F E, &c.

**M**Y friend, I write at your request,  
To shew my grandeur when I'm  
drest ;

Also to give account in rhyme,  
How we, THE CROCK'RY, spend our time ;  
One day may serve to tell the whole,  
So take that day, 'tis all my dole,

'Bout Sev'n I wake, and open my eyes,  
I stretch myself, and then I rise ;

Unless with friend, the night before,  
I have enlarg'd the alehouse score ;

When that's the case, the hour's Nine—  
mum—

Without my shoes down stairs I come ;

First look i' th' glass and comb my hair,  
 Then for business I prepare,  
 And fall to work, with all my might,  
 In making knives and forks look bright;  
 The glasses wash, and plate I clean,  
 Then go for water, rolls, and cream;  
 Next, spirits for the lamp I get,  
 Cups and saucers in order set;  
 Tea-pot, sloop-bason, spoons and tongs,  
 And what to breakfast else belongs.  
 When Madam rings to take away,  
 Up stairs I run—her will to obey;  
 Complaints I hear the butter's bad,  
 The cream is sour, and we're all mad.

Breakfast is no sooner o'er,  
 But thro' the Town I take a tour,  
 My Lady with important air,  
 Cries, "John, this Puppy leave with care!"

- My service give to Lady June,
- And if I'm not put out of tune,
- I will on her wait to-morrow ;
- CUPID for my VENUS borrow.
- These invitation cards receive,
- And as directed do them leave.
- Call, in your way, on Lady Belle,
- This verbal message to her tell :
- On Sunday next, with Mrs. Stake
- A party at Quadrille we make.
- To th' Mantua maker give this note,
- What I'll have alter'd I have wrote :
- I have not patience with the brute !
- Entirely spoild's my Birth-day suit :
- Pray likewise call near Bridge-street Hill,
- And bid the Mercer bring his bill,
- Tho' long it will be ere I pay,
- My last night-gown begins to fray.

- At Five bid Tonfor curl my hair ;
- Exact at Six order the chair :
- This instant go :—return in time,
- At Four o'clock I mean to dine.

Then off I set, thus stor'd with know-  
ledge,

And steer my course towards the College ;  
In my way I call of Handy,  
For a Glass of right French Brandy,  
To raise my spirits, and invite  
'Gainst dinner time, an appetite :  
I read the News and then set out  
To finish the aforesaid rout :  
Which having done, return I do,  
Between the hours of one and two :  
I change my shoes, my Lady see,  
And there give up my embassy.

When things are ready in the tray,  
 Up stairs I go the Cloth to lay ;  
 The fire I stir, some coals put on,  
 Or Madam lectures, ten to one.

When dinner's serv'd she then begins,  
 ' Sure thus I'm teased for my sins ;  
 ' The mutton's raw, and turnips cold,  
 ' Indeed my dear, I've cause to scold ;  
 ' The heedless slut's in love I think,  
 ' Or else it is the effects of drink :  
 ' That fellow too I'll part with soon,  
 ' For drunk he mostly is ere noon ;  
 ' Then glass and China goes to pot,  
 ' I cannot bear a drunken sot.'

When dinner's over I prepare  
 To walk before my lady's chair ;

Then out we sallie at the door ;  
 But nothing give unto the poor, I  
 Altho' her Ladyship they blest,  
 And with her health and happiness.  
 With lighted flam I clear the way,  
 With —' By your Leave ;—take care I  
 pray !"

• Take care!" a dirty fellow cries,  
 • Pray who are you? L—d b—st your  
 eyes!

• Your Master's cloaths pull off your  
 Skip ;"—

I don't him mind but on I trip ;  
 For, at the same time he'd be glad  
 Of my old Coat, tho' ne'er so bad ;  
 Along we drive, thro' thick and thin,  
 Perhaps two hours before let in :  
 For some are out, and others ill,  
 And some are in a disabille.

At last unto a rout we come,  
 Or, if you please, a Lady's drum :  
 There do the Fair that money lose,  
 Which should defray the trader's dues.  
 Before she to the routers steers,

This message whizzers in my ears :

- My service to Miss Molly Spruce,
- And hope she better slept last night :
- Poor soul, I hear her Kitten's dead,
- For which, they say, she keeps her bed :
- And, do you hear, let the chairmen wait
- I don't intend to stay here late : "

Then up she mounts—down I descend,  
 To shake hands with particular friend :

And there I other Crock'ers meet,

And we each other kindly greet :

Then cards they bring and cribbage-board,

And I must play upon their word.

Altho' I tell them I am sent  
 To know how th' night a Lady spent.  
 ' Pho ! make excuse, and have one bout  
 ' And say the Lady was gone out.'  
 The advice I take, sit down and say  
 ' What is the sam for which we play ?'  
 ' I care not much,' another cries,  
 ' But let it be for wets and drys ;'  
 That mater'al point we settle,  
 The cards they raise each man's mettle :  
 The winners laugh, the losers swear  
 They cannot win for want of beer ;  
 When Liquor comes, about we drink,  
 Which makes us faster damn and sink :  
 (For let me whisper in your ear,  
 That Man who will not curse and swear,  
 Is a milk-sop call'd by every  
 One, that's rank'd with us the CROCK'AY.)

Quart pots and beer are handed round,  
 Until the passing bell doth sound :  
 And when we find that we must part,  
 First drink, shake hands, and then we start.

Thus we do spend our idle hours,  
 And imitate the higher powers.

Thus like our betters we do play,  
 Each day, our ready cash away.

When home we get I lay the cloth,  
 Then up I take some viper broth,  
 My Lady's spirits for to raise,  
 Because her pulse beats low she says,  
 'Bout One I do for bed prepare,  
 And first with paper curl my hair ;  
 Next, bolt and lock up all the doors  
 To keep out rogues and common whores,  
 Then lock the plate up in the chest,  
 Pull off my cloaths and go to rest.



~~AND THE CLASS~~

THREE CLASSES

OF  
EARTHENWARE.

A Worcestershire Tale.

NOT long ago our Lady Nan,  
In Company her tale began,  
Reflecting on the Human Species,  
Their Imperfections and their Graces :  
Says She, "the Human Race may be  
"Most aptly rank'd in Classes three."  
The Company were all intent,  
To hear what further 'twas she meant :

She then proceeded with her Nomens,  
Of three Estates, — King, Lords, and Com-  
mons :

So aptly did her words app'y,  
None could mistake 'em, low or high : —  
“ The Gentry are of CHINA made :  
“ The midling Sort of DELPH, in Trade :  
“ The Servants are of CROCK & y kind,  
“ And servile to our purer mind.”

The simile was much approv'd,  
As favouring of the Pride they lov'd :  
E'en high and low adopt the Plan,  
Propos'd by our good Lady Nan ;  
The Servants one and all embrace it,  
Because they know from whom to trace it.  
She wants her Babe ; the Butler's sent,  
In modish way, (with commandment)  
“ Tell Nurse, the Child to bring to me,  
“ That all is right, as I may see : ”

The Butler with his usual speeding,  
 Steps to the stairs, to shew his breeding  
 Cries, " CROCK'RY bring down little  
 CHINA,

" She's wanted by my Lady Dina."  
 The Guests all hear the message told,  
 And laughing do their fat sides hold,  
 All but the Lady, who, enrag'd,  
 The CROCK'RY Butler thus engag'd—  
 " You from my service I'll discharge,  
 " Nor of such CROCK'RY will take charge."  
 The CROCK'RY Butler says, " Divina,  
 " We're wellagreed, my Lady CHINA."

F I N I S

Mrs Wakemans in 1796. was debilitated in an August  
with an Officer at Worcester, and was  
Divorced from her husband for Wantonly.

